



Myddes November that moneth mysty  
Whan the sonne full lowe his course dyd con  
As I suspecte in the sygne of Sagittary  
Without plesaunce to man/or confortacyon

Scantly that his beemes apered at none  
The self byrdes also without nople makynge  
On the bare bowes set/as halfe in sowne  
For fere of blasty wynter so roughly belynge.

In fantasies merueylous my mynde was pyght  
For a fox whelp that lacked alate  
Though his maners wolde other/Currib<sup>9</sup> he hyght  
Full plesaunte in pastyme/pretendynge no debate  
To no person lyuyng/but a cruell fate  
Enuy hathe hym banyshe/ I wote not whyther  
I ferme of verthe/but god forbyd that  
That suche myschaunce shulde vs decepuer.

O good god now we haue I lost my best  
In his pastyme/Whan he was set  
Famlyerly obeyenge most and lest  
His countenaunce full well dyd counter set  
Dyssemblers all/and his meet for to get  
Full hyghe wolde he lepe his belles ryngynge  
On a playne wall/where his meet was set  
Twelue fote and more/so lustely was the sprynge

For warde and back warde/ouer a staffe to lepe  
Or in at an hope/brefly to dysculle  
Worthe as many apes/as may go ocrepe  
Harmofetes or Catynes that be in felde or house  
And as craftely he wolde take a moule

The pal, of y fox. 7

Al.

No catte moze merueylous / nor craftyer to watche  
His leason lyke a fox / thou was my Curribus  
That neuer dyd murther / by taste nor by smatche.

Thou neuer deuoured / pygge / gose / nor capon  
I thynke thy nature was chaunged to humyltye  
Usage dothe merueylous thynges / loke well thereon  
Thefte nor murther / none was founde in the  
Yet a comune prouerbe is in euery countr e  
Usage by no crafte may chaunge natures course  
And to blage is gyuen a specyall propriete  
Tho it amendeth not / yet shall it not be worse.

Let no man muse tho my fox was gentle  
Contrary to his nature / for that dayly is sene  
Some turne fro good to yll / and so do the people  
And he is counted crafty / that can conuey clene  
And he betaken tarde / all is not worthe a bene  
Than shall he solfe full towe / but my fox dothe not so  
Kepe close and so wyll I / somwhat do I mene  
Mystrust not the innocent / in what place that yego.

Thus the day passed / and styll I was musynge  
On my pooze fox / but tyth yges myght I none haue  
Ofte my eres dynned / as I herde the belles ryng  
But fox saue I none / alas what myght I craue  
My sorowe to assake / fortune I dyd depaue  
That so turneth the dyes / and barpeth oure chaunce  
Yet on the goddes I called / my pooze fox to saue  
Fro myschaunce & murther & other mys gouernaunce  
Thus as the nyght approached / I wete to my chāber



Purposynge by rest / to refresh the my brayne  
But yet the fox in my mynde was euer  
Many perelles castynge / I coude not refrayne  
But yet aboute myd nyght / though it was w<sup>th</sup> payne  
I fell in a dombze / and sodenly as me thought  
A mayden apered / of whome I was fayne  
Her merueylous apatell / was wonderly wrought.

In her bitter garment / were coloures full many  
As me thought thousandes / and that varyable  
Some reed some grene / some yelow and motly  
We thought that her chere was very ampyble  
The coloures to my syght / many and chaungeable  
Suche one I had not sene afoze to apere  
Excepte it were yris / that Duyde in his fable  
Counteth vnto Jono / his mayden & his messangere.

Lege out  
diu. li. ij.

But what that she was / me thought at that season  
She toke me by the hande / and bade me to aryle  
So forth we wente / to a straunge regyon  
In a parte of Asia / where as dwell Cymryse  
Nexte to Amazonia / who coude it well deuyse  
Where was a mountayne merueylous hye to spght  
Withinchat a caue of straunge edyfyle  
Wherin she sayd / I shulde rest me that nyght.

The wonderfull habytacle that we founde there  
It passeth my reason to declare playnly  
Excepte of the poete I borrowe in this manere  
Than may I shewe it / thus was it truly  
The sluy house of slepe / that resteth full surely  
Where as no sone shone / nor beame dorhe apere  
The pas. of y fox. A. iij.

But in maner as the owle lyght is contynually  
Cock: no: dogge to trouble may be founde there.

12.

Without blastynge or blowynge of wyde troublous  
Or any noyse els/that myght be thought of man  
But of a small water/of nature merueylous  
Lethes it is called/out of a stone it ranne  
Pyrlynge on the grauell/and as I sawe than  
The house without gates or doze it was also  
No occasyon of trouble/of beest ne of man  
The way was full of papy/in as I dyd go.

Lethes  
obliuio

13.

And many herbes also/to slepe full necessary.  
Whiche thynges be mynystrid/acordynge to season  
The braynes to refrelshe/with labours that be wery  
And fether as I behelde in this mansyon  
A bedstyd and a bed of merueylous facyon  
In the myddes of the hall there sawe I standynge  
In it lay and slepte/the kynge of that regyon  
The bedstyd was of heben/most woorthy to a kynge.

Heben is  
a tymbre  
is black  
naturalli

14.

Aboute hym lay dremes/I am sure without nombze  
As be the leues thynke vpon the tre  
Or strawes in the haruest/or myddes of somer  
Merueylous fourmes shewynge wout possyblyte  
But as we entred pris of her proprete  
Lyghted all the house/and so wente to the kynge  
She put of his dremes/and waked hym properly  
Scantly myght he se/as to my thyngynge.

Pris the  
carne  
bolwe.

15.

So sloghe he was/that do done agayne he laye  
As noyse had me made none at that season



She woke hym by the chynne / a fayre dyd praye  
 So he awoke / his heed enclyned do done  
 full well he knewe her / and enquire dyd he soone  
 What she ment / and what she dyd in that place  
 fro Juno my lady / her wyll loke it be done  
 As you wyll be continued in her grace.

O god of slepe / the refressher of nature  
 By quyet rest / auoydpyng care and thought  
 There is nothynge lpyng / but it is sure  
 Somtyme of rest / for this I haue the sought  
 The goddess Juno wyll eth / that thou do als nought  
 But to this person / thou make relacyon  
 Of this crueltie / that nowe alate is wrought  
 The murdre of this for / and great exclamacyon.

this doth  
 speke.

Scantly these wordes that she had fully ended  
 Acordynge to the sentence that ye herde afore  
 fro whens she came / she quychly than ascended  
 Alone she leste me / I was sorie therfore  
 He called vnto hym Morpheus and Phobotoz  
 Phantasos also / that merueylous were of personage  
 These thre ymonge all other / lay slepyng on y floze  
 Of natures dyuers / brothers of one age.

Morpheus  
 Phobotoz  
 Phantasos  
 be. us. goddess  
 of dremes.  
 morphe<sup>s</sup> shew  
 eth onely the  
 symylitnde o  
 resonable crea  
 tures.  
 Phobotoz son  
 tyme sheweth  
 serpentes / by  
 des / and such  
 unreasonable.  
 Phantasos  
 onely stones /  
 houses / the se  
 & such thynges  
 without lyfe.

Morpheus sayd he / acordynge to kynde  
 Shewe thou this man after his petycon  
 And Phobotoz also let nought be leste bekynde  
 Phantasos be not slowe to make relacyon  
 Of such thynges as longeth by propre inclynacyon  
 To thy nature / and than do done agayne  
 He layde hym to slepe as he was wont to done

I thought hym heuy headed/or els of feble brayne.

Morpheus me thought began his kynde anon  
To shewe me the symple tude of many a man  
They crafty subtyltye in ordre to set soone  
Whobotoz my fox in a chayne had than  
My herte was lyght/and to hym than I ran  
I groped for the fox/but none founde I there  
Phantasos with a staffe loked ferdy/and whan  
I profered to come/he bade me come no nere.

Than sayd Morpheus/ones whan the fox escaped  
And pleasure toke to renne ouer the strete  
The curres hym bayed/and that a soother wayted  
Taken vp he was/and kepte without mete  
O renarde ye fasted/bycause ye coude not gete  
your bytyle I am sure/or was it deuocryone  
But how scaped ye Curribus that ye were not bate  
Often for the maysters sake/cruelte is done.

Than was the fox by subtyltye remoued  
To a fortrese of enuy/the surer to be kepte  
And thretened to dethe/pyuely was he hounded  
In an olde hollse/so lustely yet he lepte  
By his belles men knewe whyther he was crepte  
Delpuered than he was/as knowen it is  
And he had so dyed/his dethe shulde haue be wepte  
For nought myght be sayd that he had done amys.

But nexte whan he escaped/it was not to his ease  
God knoweth in y to wne fewe frendes dyd he fynde  
They pryue wo:kynges/gate them small prayse



How and what maner they dyd/as can come to mynde  
I shall declare sayd Morphheus in þ þ cometh behynde  
The passyon of the fox well it may be named  
Wpte it is to the we/that people so vnkynde  
Shulde hym so murther/þ neuer yet was blamed.

**E**xclamatio inuidorum.

**N**ow to dysclose  
How he brake lose  
ye may suppose

Great noyse was made  
Now kyll now slaye  
That he awayne  
Scape not this daye

They watched lane and stade  
With staffe clubbe and flayle  
They wolde assayle  
The sayd saunstayle

That Curribus  
The chauntry ape  
Shulde not them scape  
It is no tape

To trouble vs  
That bybze that thele  
With euill prefe  
Shall lose his lyfe

For his maysters sake  
Be it ryght or wronge  
Seynge vs ymonge  
He is out spronge

Anende shall we make  
The pas. of þ fox.

*Antony doe for the night  
ouer to 1918*

*Robert*

*A. Antony*

*Neath*

*Now*

*Now*

*B.L.*

Some cryed haunge hym  
Some sayd saue hym  
Some wolde haue slayne hym  
To haue his thynne

One aloude cryde  
Gyue me his hyde  
What soeuer betyde

It shall be myne  
Who wyll me controll  
To stoppe a hole  
By cockes soule

In myne owne tayle  
The wynde to alaye  
That blast that waye  
No man say naye

The fox to assayle  
Gyue me his belles  
I aske nought elles  
In other melles

To haue his chayne  
Some without fayle  
Called fox his tayle  
Fox his auagle

He wolde take peyne  
Suche was the murmure  
Done withliche rygoure  
That to this houre

Ye dyd neuer here  
Men that shulde haue wytte  
Make suche a spytte  
In playne despyte  
And neuer the nere



~~Handwritten signature~~

Anthony

Sumner

Meow

Sept 16 Antares 200

2 Jan 1862

1. *Ant*

1 2 3 4 } 6  
100 2000 } 300  
200 4000 } 500  
100 2000 } 500 700

1 2 3 4 } 6 7 8  
100 200 } 64.8

13.11

So in that hete  
A staffe full great  
One of the strete  
Toke than full soone  
Enuy out on the  
For thou without pyte  
Hast made hym to dye  
And now is he gone.

My body for fere was colder than yse  
For the dethe of my fox / Morpheus made relacyon  
The dolour intrepsecate verte me ones or twyle  
So sore that my wyttes were brought to confusyon  
And to here also the rude exclamacyon  
Made by enuy / vpon a beest gyltes  
Alas my herte mourneth for pyte and compassyon  
That reasonable people shulde be mercyles.

Now often it is sene the gyltes is blamed  
And those that be gylty be taken with the best  
Wronge maketh ryght oftentymes ashamed  
And the greatest at pleasure deuoureth the lest  
Werpte is glad to kepe hym in his nest  
And he out of his nest apere / he shal haue many a boz  
Who is stronger than wronge & suffereth none at rest  
Chryst knoweth all this apereth in my fox.

Thus I dyd complayne on fortunes gouernaunce  
That so vnstably had tourned a waye her face  
Morpheus / phobotoz / and phantasos by chaunce  
A roll they vnrolled in whiche moche wytyng was  
They bade me rede it / so standynge in that place



We thought it shulde be the fores testament  
The letter was straunge that I myght it see  
Kede it oz vnderstande it/ but this was the intent.

### The testament.

**T**he fyftene kalendes of Nouember mysty  
In the name of the kyte/ crowe/ and py  
Curribus of Here dyoces of Sarum  
Of subtyll mynde and wyl condo testamētū  
Bycause that my bones may be at rest  
No iniury pretende to man woman noz beest  
The fleshe of my carcass bycause it is fayre  
I byquethe frely to byrdes of the ayre  
That they conuey it aboue the cloudes blake  
My bones as ryght is let the erthe take  
My maysters of the chauntry shall haue my skyne  
Gray amyles to make whan they prebendys wyne  
Myne eyes byrght I wolde blynde men had  
Myne eres to the deafe to make them glad  
My tongue to those whose tongue is nought  
Tho it be longe it neuer lye wrought  
The longe heres of my berde to the glasyer  
My tethe to burnyshe to the boke bynder  
My nose to the vnwyle that can not make a ly  
My fete to ordre spyces to the potycary  
My lyuer and my longes are medycynable  
Take them who wyl I am agreable  
My besom taylor I wolde some sole had  
That thynketh hymselfe manly oz sad  
My coler so propre decked with belles  
The most sole of the towne shall haue and no man els

The pas. of p for.

B. iij.

My chayne to small it is ywys  
To serue for theues that do amys  
These longed to my carkas naturall  
yet other there be that passeth them all  
My name ywys tho it be rude  
I byquethe certes to ingratyrude  
My apzyngge chereto eucry dyssembler  
My grynyng and laughyng to them shalbe propre  
My spyes and wyles vnto the weuer  
My flaterynge also to the bruer  
My obeyens to eucry good wyse  
My fast holdynge to hym that wyll make stryfe  
My lepes and skypes of great quyknes  
I gyue to seruautes in theyr busynes  
More is to say but my dethe is to nye  
ouer me standeth the staffe without mercy.

Thus as I behelde my face waxed pale  
To thynke on unkyndnes it greued me soze  
Than began Morpheus to shewe a newe tale  
And bade me retourne fro whens I came before  
Than forsoke me Phantasos and Phobatoze  
Thus alone was I in merueylous musynge  
I knewe not whiche way to go out of the dooze  
I layde me to rest full nye to theyr kyng.

Untyll the mornynge the cocke began to synge  
Full fere of it was but I folowed the sode  
Tyll I came to a gate all whyte shynynge  
Of puerp were the postes and there late I downe  
I began to rolle to stretch and to frowne  
We thought (the nyght past) I called to mynde



My bysions merueylous / þ vnkyndenes of þ towne  
Alas than thought I / how shulde I my fox fynde.

I mused on my dremes whyther they were trewe  
The tales and tokens I had well in mynde  
Yet thought I them but vanytes and tryfles newe  
I counted no person that a man shulde fynde  
Withouth cause gyuyng that wolde be so vnkynde  
So at that season I set it at lytell pryce  
I went to the church / my conscience to vnbynde  
My duty to be doone / there sayd I my seruyce.

Than fro the church returnyng agayne  
To me were brought tydynge full merueylous  
How that in the towne Curribus was slayne  
His belles away taken / and layde before the house  
Alas sayd I than these people eurpouse  
Hathe hym slayne / as Moorpheus shewed afore  
Ha enuy enuy this dethe dolorouse  
Is comen of the / cursed be thou therfore.

My lust was no lenger this talkyng to here  
But caused a chyld to byng hym in  
Than renewed my dolour / so gryfely was his chere  
His lippes shrunken / out of his mowthe hangyng  
Full longe dyd his tongue / alacke a piteous thyng  
So sodenly chaunged fro myrthe and iolyte  
Fro pleasure to dyspleasure / I thynke no makyng  
Coude not but wepe / recordyng the cruelte.

O enuy enuy / to longe hast thou reigned  
For in the serpent haddest thou begynyng

Agayne. Crie thou begon in Adam thou opeyned  
Thou caused them to lose Paradyse by crafty deuyng  
And Cayn thou induced to myschefe and brawderyng  
So now be Abel his brother full bere  
And yet thou arte busy thy vntufuly dede so wyng  
By wene man and man moche myschefe y dole here.

Who caused Jacobs sones Joseph to sell  
To the Almelytes / but thy prouocacyon  
Who betrayed chryste / how saythe the gospell  
None but thou enuy / cursed be thy season  
Innumerable myschefe by the is doone  
Who that in booke myll rede / shall fynde it playnly  
That thou hast destroyed cytee / borow / and towne  
Thou hast peruerter good men vnto thy foly.

Than I conclude / of the all this dothe spyng  
God it amende / god sende vs suche grace /  
Enuy to exyle / and all that with hym holdeth  
Charyte god sende vs / in this and every place  
Plenty / myghte / & equitye / y they may come in place  
The cloudy mystes of wronge shall peryshe then  
Sapiencia patris / all malice shall deface  
Now that it may so be / saye we all Amen.

Thus is ended the fantasy of the passion of  
fox lately of the towne of Wyke. I praytell be  
spede Shaftesbury in the dyoces of  
Salisbury. Imprinted by me  
Wynkyn de Worde p. xvi.  
day of february. The  
yere of our lord  
M. d. C. xxx.



